Fear the omega

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Fear the omega

by TCbook

Summary

Never let Hannibal Lecter drive under distress.
Safety first.

Notes

Thanks to @hotmolasses for being my lovely beta.

I hope you like it!

See the end of the work for more notes

- Translation into Русский available: Страх омеги by Krayn_Aletale

Hannibal looked at the smile of his 7 year old child biting the tip of a french fry, while she held a McDonald's cheeseburger in the other. He was sitting uncomfortably in a pair of pants 2 sizes smaller than were comfortable.

It was his punishment after what happened even if wasn't completely his fault.

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Will came home looking for Hannibal like a fox hunting his prey, quickly invading the kitchen and dragging Hannibal over his shoulder to their room. Without bothering with words, he grunted and scented every inch of skin he could reach before he started undoing Hannibal's clothes.

The first time, they were almost clothed. Will pulled out his already hard cock and shoved it inside his omega as soon he tugged his pants to his ankles and parted his legs. He pinned him over the mirrored boudoir so Hannibal could see their faces while Will pounded inside of him, desperately squeezing the meat of his hips.

The second time was over the bed, not caring about the clean laundry neatly folded over it. Hannibal rode him like his life depended on it, his own release staining the now ruined clothes.

The third time was soft, Will sloppy fucking Hannibal, kissing his knees and chest, licking his nipples until both came, the third knot was harder this time and words were nothing more than their names moaned out, love words whispered to the other, and orders to get harder or faster.

“Abby is really quiet today, I never thought we could do it three times before her aunt took her shopping” Will said, trying to catch his breath as he kissed his mate’s neck.

“Yes, maybe she was tired. Did she say anything to you in the car?” Hannibal purred softly to his alpha, playing with his hair.

“This morning? No. And when you got her this afternoon?” Will faced him with worry

“You got her.”

Hannibal opened his eyes, getting pale and cold, panic flowing through both when they knew they forgot their 7 year old daughter at school.

Hannibal fisted the sheets trying to get up, but they were still knotted.

“Hannibal, calm down, she's going to be fine.” Will tried to soothe him.

Hannibal only watched their bottoms, waiting for his husband’s knot to deflate enough to pull it out and get dressed.

“If our daughter is not there…” Hannibal's voice went flat imagining the possibilities.

“Nothing like this would happen if you let me give her a child phone.”

“Don't start with that!” the omega almost growled.

Will's cock slipped from his hole, and they both hurrying to pull up the first pair pants they found, not minding about their underwear. They rushed to the car, Hannibal taking the driver's seat, almost leaving Will out of the Bentley before hitting the pedal.

“Hannibal, she needs her fathers alive, slow down!”

“It's my baby!”

They pulled in front of the school, Abby sitting on a bench reading a book.
She crossed her arms when the tires of the car screeched, stopping in front of her.

“Abby!” both fathers yelled, rushing out of the car.

The kid only dropped few tears when she was tightly pressed between her parents, showing her fear only when she was completely safe, her papa leaving kisses in her hair and on her face, her dad wrapping both of them in a protective hug.

Abby took a moment to look at them after the soft family moment, laughing uncontrollably at the sight.

Hannibal was wearing Will’s soft salmon pants, making his gut overflow a little, looking too tight inside of them. Will was wearing Hannibal's black slacks, showing the V of his muscles as they dipped below the waistline, too big and long for him.

“What happened to you two?!”

Neither of them could explain to the little kid what happened. Will decided to quickly make it up to her with a McDonald's invitation.

Will sat beside his husband, looking at Abby as she happily finished her meal, chewing on the low quality french fry, too busy to mind them.

Hannibal felt wetness spread in the bottom of his borrowed pants when Will softly squeezed his knee. They were not finished yet.

End Notes

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